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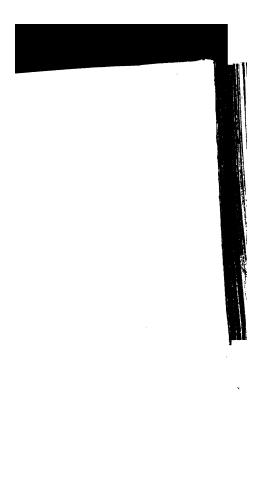
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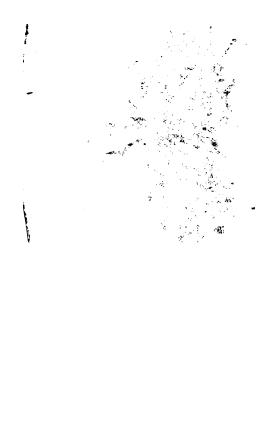


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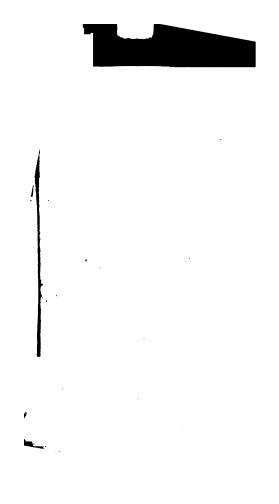




# I' STORUES FROM REAL LIFE.



J. GROUT JR.
WORCESTER.



## STORIES

FROM

## REAL LIFE;

COMPILED WITH A VIEW TO THE

MORAL IMPROVEMENT

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ALL CLASSES.

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FITCHBURG:

PUBLISHED BY S. & C. SHEPLEY.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS R 10-0 L

## INTRODUCTION.

Many Stories are written for our amusement. Few for our benefit. That the Stories in this little volume will not only amuse for the moment but leave good impressions upon the reader, awakening the mind to a sense of the duties and responsibilities of life, is the fond hope of the Compiler.

Mott-Septaeros



## STORIES FROM REAL LIFE.

## THE FOUNDLING,

OR,

Industry and Perseverance move Mountains.

## CHAPTER I.

Honor and fame from no condition rise, Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

Pope.

Some twenty-five or thirty years since, on a summer afternoon, a middle aged lady, of prepossessing appearance, walked into a store on Baltimore street, while on a shopping tour, and after making some purchases, inquired of the clerk in attendance, 'if his name was not Wilson?' The clerk, somewhat surprised, answered in the af-

firmative. The lady on hearing his reply

she disappeared around street mentioned, and the store.

'But stop a moment,'

reader say,- and expl Who are the personage denly introduced to us? patience and I will tell; In the early part of

door bell of one of the houses in Charleston, S rung at ten o'clock at ni into the house, and the family collected around, eager to see its contents. Various were the remarks made about it.

'Perhaps 'tis an infernal machine, sent to blow us all up,' says Betty, turning pale at the tho't, don't open it, Mr. Wilson, throw it in the street. I'se hearn tell o'

such things.' Thus each had some remarks to make, and no one seemed inclined to open the basket. How long they might have waited I cannot tell, but at this moment strange sounds were heard issuing from it. Betty

ran out of the room, exclaiming, 'It's going

off! it's going off! Oh dear! Oh dear!' and the children followed her at full speed. 'Tut! Tut!' said Mr. Wilson, (who until now had sat looking on, much amused at the odd actions of his children and servants) 'are you all frightened to death by a baby!' Untying the cover and removing it, he saw first a note and richly jew-



## attached to whi

of beautiful jet b t, and a ruby se vords, 'Industry mountains.' Th l, he beheld a che six months old. in his mother's his lovely lips, ed in tiny ringles hiteness, save w a pencil, 'dipt in with careful hand nitate. d Mr. Wilson, nebody has got n to help it now; and I have none s bright an one just adopt it and take it to the n it good care is to it. But hold, let's see what this note contains; I had like to have forgotten it.'—He then opened it and read as follows:

'MR. WILSON: Dear Sir,-Pardon what may seem such an act of injustice as the desertion of a child by its parents, for Heaven is witness that it is not from any lack of parental feeling, but a stern necessity that compels me to do thus. vears since I married Frederick Mcontrary to father's wishes, and without his knowledge. He was the idol of my heart. I thought him the best and kindest of men, but alas! he proved worthless; my father knew him better than I. He married me but for my money, and when immediately after my father forbade me to enter his house and refused to give me a cent, his manner became at once changed: he returned to his former, though to me unknown haunts, and plunged recklessly into every species of vice. Twelve months at-

#### THE FOUNDLING.

rriage, my father having no re

re but myself, sold out his proj almost heartbroken at the cor his only child, left the countr not where, and with the inter r to return. Six months after became the mother of the bal sign to your charge. I hope be the means of keeping n t home, but it seemed to have a ctly the contrary, for he plungs o wickedness, and in one mont ht home a corpse, having, in f desperation, after losing all l , at the gambling table, drawn m his pocket and shot himse I left without a friend in tl h only a few dollars to suppo linfant. night and day when I could pr thing to do, but having bec y educated, I knew nothing, ar

few would give me work. At last, when every cent was gone, and starvation seemed staring me in the face, I made up my mind to do what I have done, and trust to Providence for the rest. Could I have made up my mind to let the watch go into the hands of strangers, it would have procured me the means of support for some time to come; but it is the only token remaining of the love my father once bore for me, and I could not. Keep it safely, and tell my boy when you give it to him, the story of his parents, and urge him to walk in the paths of rectitude. By the kindness of a widow almost as poor as myself, I am enabled to write these lines that my child may know that he is of respectable birth. While you are reading this, I am without a home to shelter me from the cold, but I trust a merciful God will deal kindly with me; though little am I deserving of mercy. Should it please him to call er. ELENORA M——.'

'Poor creature,' exclaimed Mr. Wilson 'would I could find her! I have been poor myself, and know what it is. Neither she nor her boy should want while it lay in my power to prevent it.' Thus did the good man express his benevolent feelings. The next day he caused an advertisement to be inserted in the papers; but either the poor woman did not see it, or fearing it was but a decoy, durst not go.

rs, of the age of five; his housekeeper, atwo or three servants. At the time of which I am writing, his wife had been dead about three years. He had experienced severe reverses of fortune in his younger days, but by industry and perseverance had conquered every obstacle and amassed a large fortune in mercantile pursuits. He was now forty years of age, and a more warm-hearted, benevolent man, could not be found. His chief delight was to do good, and the needy never left his door unsatis-It is not strange, therefore, that our roung hero received such a kind welcome. and particularly, when it was known that he was of good birth.

As he grew up, he was treated and edicated precisely as if he had been the shild of his benefactor. Indeed he knew not that he was aught else than the son of him whom he had been taught to call his other as soon as he could lisp the word. knoor and braced in the

Mr. Wilson. Here his activity, attention to business, gained the i and respect of all who knew him, exception, the junior partner of i Mr. Howard. This man took a Frederick when he first came to ing-house, and no treatment on t Frederick, however kind, could Howard seemed to regard him a by Mr. Wilson upon his actions no cause existed for any such or at least the cause, if any did in Howard himself, as the retima be informed. Howard

to supply the vacancy, which he accepted.

When Frederick entered the countinghouse, Howard had been a partner some eight or ten months, and as the station was a free pass-port for him, he was in the habit of visiting Mr. Wilson's daughters; and a feeling already existed in the heart of Julia, the most beautiful of the two, which he seemed fully to reciprocate. They were looked upon by their acquaintances as already a matched pair. And as Mr. Wilson never said a word upon the subject, he was supposed to be perfectly satisfied.

A year passed on, and death entered the family of Mr. Wilson once more, and took from it his daughter Emma, who, though less beautiful than her sister, yet was more interesting, from her delicate constitution, having been for two years becoming more frail, as consumption (first placing the hectic tinge upon her cheek, that attracted the gaze of the beholder, but to inform him.

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ow soon that cheek would be cold; then s the destroyer became more sure of his ictim, covering her countenance with an ngelic whiteness,) trifled with her, ere the stal bolt was sent with unerring sim, to be heart of the doomed one.

The old man was calm; he resigned the reasure into the hand that gave it, withut a murmur, though the workings of his eart were deep and strong, too deep to e visible, save to his own family. But eeply as he felt her loss, he knew she was a place of rest, and therefore he acquisced in the will of Providence.

Another year passed, and the affections f Mr. Wilson seemed to have been transpred from the deceased to the living aughter and adopted son. He seemed to ave become tired of business, and spoke f retiring to a country seat a short dispute from town, and leaving his business attrely in the care of Howard, whom he

ow spoke of frequently as the future husand of his daughter, and Frederick.

One morning, however, on going to the ounting-house, he was a little surprised t not finding Howard, as he was usually nere some time before him; but supposing im engaged, he proceeded to business and rought no more of it, until a check which e sent to the bank was returned with the aswer that no money was there. This at ace assured him that all was not right, as e had himself deposited ten thousand dolrs the day before. He accordingly proeded to the bank and was there shown check, signed by Howard, for the whole nount in the bank, and was informed that loward had presented the check a few inutes previous to the closing of the doors, id the money amounting to upwards of relve thousand dollars, was paid him. earch was immediately made for him, but ithout success. He had left his boarding

ablic conveyance was examined, — ould give any information, and Mr. on was obliged to give up the search return to his store. But on his ar there a new cause for uneasiness prese itself. Bank notices for several thou dollars had come in during his absence whose existence he never before has slightest knowledge, and of which was no entry upon the books. On e ination at the banks, the signatures of notes were found to be in the handwoof Howard, but the endorsers we known to him.

was now fully awe

them or break. He therefore, with an anxious heart commenced a scrutiny of his books and affairs. Here he however could find only enough to convince him that false entries had been made, and therefore he could not tell positively any thing about them. With a heavy heart he closed his office at night, and went to his house. His daughter, startled by the strange appearance of her father, tenderly inquired the cause of his uneasiness. Fearing the consequences, he endeavored to quiet her apprehensions, but she implored him to tell her at once, for suspense was insupportable. 'Well, my child,' said he, after a pause of some minutes, 'I may as well tell you at once, for it cannot be put off long, but you must prepare yourself for the Howard has proved a villain, and nearly, perhaps quite, ruined me.' ned and speechless, she sat gazing at her father as he detailed to her all he had then

calmly of the subject. At this erick entered with a letter for which had just been given to street by a stranger, who wall away after giving it. When proved to be from Howard, that soon after becoming a part Wilson, he had become acquiseveral young men of dissolute I had led him into bad compan had taken to gambling and lost worth, and had then commences

would be impossible to remain much longer, and escape suspicion. Notes to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars were drawn, payable at short dates, and the name of the firm signed to them by Howard. Forged endorsements were then

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placed upon them, of some of the best men in Charleston and New-York, by the accomplice of Howard, who sold them to brokers in New-York a few days before they became due, took the money and met Howard at an appointed place, where they

divided the spoils. The letter of this arch villain concluded thus: 'The money I took from the bank was a clear windfall for me, for I did not expect it. My love for your daughter, was all feigned, for the effect of bad company has ruined me, and I have ruined you; for you are not worth one

daughter, was all feigned, for the effect of bad company has ruined me, and I have ruined you; for you are not worth one hundred dollars in the world. Advise Frederick to keep clear of bad company. For though I am a rascal now, I would rath-

er be an honest man. I always hat Frederick, for I feared he would find 1 out; but I wish him well, notwithstandin At first I intended to make up the mon I took from you, but found it impossib and soon became reckless. It is no use attempt to pursue me, for I shall be subefore you see this letter.'

Thus was Mr. Wilson made fully conscious of his situation in the above healess manner, and 'stung by the viper had warmed.' With sad hearts and in lence did the trio partake of their every meal. After supper Mr. Wilson of Frederick to him, and told him what that time he was unconscious of, viz he was not his son.' 'I have purkept you ignorant of this,' said he, ing that it was best, as I intended you my heir and treat you as a child. But you are now nearly years of age, and are capable of

#### THE FOUNDLING.

for yourself; therefore, I believe it best that you should know your real situation. You are of respectable birth, as this letter, which was left with you will show. As for me, to-morrow I shall make an assignment of all my property, for the benefit of my creditors, then remove to some convenient and cheap lodgings, and endeavor to procure some business by which I can support my daughter and myself, and I shall also do all in my power to assist you. Go now, my son, (for I can call you nothing else,) read your mother's letter, and tell me in the morning what you wish to do.'

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## CHAPTER III.

The feelings of Frederick on reading the letter, after he had retired to his room, may be better imagined than described. He sat long, his eyes fixed upon the paper.

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THE 1

before him, yet now wandering events, now shootii future, and now fancy, the form of from the door of sc mansion, even a her, when starvit Then he beheld he to a lone grave, w death. But this p him, and overpowe sank half fainting watchman's cry o roused to a cons Springing sudden claimed, 'My mot I know it, I shall and she will be I me so plain; I wa ed house, and on headed old man,-

an in rags. It was my mother, I it was,—he raised her, and clasped n his arms and wept. Oh! it was a l sight. The old man then called me m and embraced me tenderly. Oh! did that noisy watchman rouse me I was so happy? But I shall see nother, I know I shall.' Collecting attered senses, he undressed himself sank into a gentle and refreshing

or youth! It was the first trouble he ever known. But his mind was strong, after the first shock was over, it soared its usual limit and took a station nensurate with the object that was to complished.

s awoke in the morning refreshed, and took down his watch, his eye caught sal and he thought of the words upon adustry and perseverance move mound. 'Yes!' he exclaimed. 'this shall

Mr. Wilson and Julia; for great as their misfortunes, they did not suffe to disturb their peace of mind. At fast Frederick related his dream, a pressed a strong conviction that he one day meet his mother in good c stances. He also told Mr. Wilson t resolution was formed, at once to seployment for himself and be no lo burden to his benefactor.

'Well, Frederick,' said the old man, 'I approve of your decision. It your true character, and though it to part with you, (for I love you as

t the country, in search of your grandher. For had she died here, something rtainly would have occurred to inform; of it.'

Mr. Wilson immediately set to work demined to settle up his affairs in the ortest possible way. He left his elegant unsion, taking with him only the plainest d most useful part of his furniture, and nted a small but comfortable house near a edge of the town.

nted a small but comfortable house near a edge of the town.

His creditors were all his personal friends, and though he was unable to pay more an seventy-five cents on the dollar, they at only signed a release, but forced him accept, as a present from them, his valible library, his daughter's piano, and any other articles which he had given up, at were bid in by them for that purpose the sale. Thus will the truly honorable ways have friends in the time of need, hey also succeeded in procuring his aver

acterized his former conduct, and more particularly of Frederick, who hero, and therefore entitled to a share of notice than any other per we may find occasion to introduce reader.

As I have said before, Frederick 1

upright and honorable principles the

As I have said before, Frederick I solved to be no longer dependent up adopted parent. In accordance widecision, he therefore applied to thou whom he was acquainted, and in time was successful in obtaining a sit suited to his taste. A merchant

g Frederick was out of employ, made liberal offer, which was accepted, lany thanks.

week afterwards Frederick found f in one of the largest and most fashe of the many extensive retail dry stores in Baltimore street, and fast ing initiated in that most difficult of es, the art of inducing young ladies chase the goods they are so ready to se very polite young men to pull and make a perfect chaos of, for their al satisfaction.

was now nineteen, tall and well I, his high and ample forehead being a frankness and intelligence not to be met with. His full dark eye ng with brightness, the exquisitely I mouth, and nose of the Grecian, added to a fair complexion and frown hair, formed what is seldom tiz: a young man in whom was com-



### 30 THE FOUNDLING.

bined talent, beauty, a spirit noble, y gentle, and capable not only of aspiring the most lofty and dignified principles virtue and honor, but of enjoying all th delicate feelings that can characterize tl human soul. Such was be who was calle Frederick Wilson, at the early age of nin teen. Beloved by all who knew him, l was a bright example of what good trai ing in the first place, and a strict adhe ence afterwards to the virtues and princ ples inculcated in that training, will accor Such we have said was Frederic plish. Pardon the digression, dear reader, for t intention of these chapters is to hold 1 virtue and vice in their true colors, therel enabling the youthful traveller three this world's weary maze, to choose the that leads to respect and honor, instead the one whose termination is in the to ed conscience, and the heart-rack morse of the victim of blightful vainly wailing over the past.

The noble character of Frederick, joined with the influence of his employer, gained him free access to the best society in Baltimore. By the best we do not mean, however, what is usually denominated the first class; the members of which would scorn to honor even with a nod, one who could not trace his pedigree back to some blooded family of Europe; but that portion of society which is made up of honorable, high-minded republicans, who would scorn to boast of aight but their own actions, as entitling them to a passport into good company.

The employer of Frederick, Mr. E——, was a widower, with one married daughter who was his only child. His son-in law was a man, in every sense of the word; but as our object in bringing him to notice, is to allow him the honor of introducing his sister, we shall say little about him.

## CHAPTER IV.

Mary Lansdale was a girl, that to describe with any degree of justice would be impossible. She must be seen, to be appreciated. Rather under the medium height, she possessed a figure truly attractive. The delicately moulded shoulders and neck, of transcendent whiteness, over which her dark hair played in glossy ringlets, were fit originals for the artist who would mould a Venus or a Juno. tempt to describe her face would be folly; to compare her black eves with any thin ever seen for brightness, would only sho the dullness of the comparison. zelles, were lead to them. A single glad had set many a poor fellow's brain whirl though she was scarce seventeen. she was beautiful: the most fastidious not find a single fault. She had nev jured herself by that vile practice. lacing,' and her form was shaped as

n her cheek, that reminded one of scious peach at full ripeness. 'But is the use of all this beauty, if the sor of it has nothing else to recomher to notice?' I think I hear some writing, literary old maid exclaim, ry true! it is of little use. But hold, one, and I will tell you, that in that ssive form dwell sentiments that few es can boast of. False pride has no there: that sparkling eye beams innce in every ray.' ry was an orphan, dependant upon rother for support, and his income out little more than sufficient for a rtable style of living. True, his wife 1 only child, and her father was cal-In to do in the world; but Charles ale would have scorned to take ad-

e of it had he been worth millions. rick had been in the employ of Mr.

Though he had often heard her s by her brother, he had no idea of passing loveliness of mind and fo surprise may be judged therefo upon entering the parlor of Mi one evening, he beheld seated the most lovely being he had e and heard her introduced as M dale. Great as was his first surpr ever, it was exceeded, when after conversation, he found the beau mind, like that of her body, almos Suffice it to say, he left the house t at a later hour, and with more related area done before and that

he had ever done before, and that

preference for his company over that of any other gentleman of her acquaintance: for her nature was too candid and sincere to allow her to dissemble in the least.

Six months only had elapsed ere a feeling had sprung up between the hearts of Frederick and Mary, that was something more than friendship. It was observed by Mr. and Mrs. L with pleasure, and

Mr. E- often rallied Frederick, on his fondness for visiting at a certain house up The month following, was an eventful Within its

town. one in the life of our hero. short space, he received information of the death of Mr. Wilson, the marriage and removal of his daughter to Europe, and was called upon to follow to the grave his em-The business of Mr. E- must necessarily be settled up as speedily as possible, and Frederick would then be cast

entirely upon his own resources. In ordi-

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the country was now in them greatest pecuniary difficulties th n known since the Revolution adreds were thrown out of emple at would have been contented to I their powers for a mere support. rick's situation, therefore, was an ut desirable.

Feeling it to be his duty to inform f his situation. he unburthened hi her. But one day remained fore was then to be closed, and old at auction; and he would upon the world unaware

irs, the surplus of my earnings, since me here. This I know would support ome time, but I cannot live in idleness. my resolution is formed: if I cannot ure employment in a short time, I shall the army and add my little strength at which is now opposing British tyry. Oh! Frederick, do not, do not throw self away,' said Mary, the tears rolling n her cheeks as she thought of him enting himself before the murderous kets of the British army. But what have I to live for? I, a poor dling, without a single relation, without end in the world; my birth uncertain, aps dishonorable; who cares for me?' Dh! Frederick, I care for you; you me to live for, though I am but of litonsequence. But Frederick! you have y friends who respect and esteem you;

they are true friends, won, not by

her tearful eyes to his, and an earnestness not to be mis thing tells my heart, you are orable birth; that letter co been meant to deceive. No ick, I cannot believe it. Y times so, what is that to me you none the less; what i eyes of the honorable?

'Mary,' said he, sitting do her hand, for her words we his spirit—'you have taught

shall not soon forget—I have to live for while I possess yo And I trust that whatever on her lips, he bade her good night, and turned to his boarding house.

The next morning he awoke, as it were, changed man. The fit of melancholy, which he was subject the day before, d passed off, and hope, ever ready to see the highest place in the heart of man, sumed her sway, and he felt satisfied the the assurance, that one faithful heart at for him alone. It was late in the afronon of this day that the lady, mentionat the commencement of this story, enred the store and requested him to call, we have described.

'What can be the meaning of this?' id he to himself, as he re-entered the ore. 'I have never seen the lady before my knowledge; yet she knew me: and owed such emotion when told my name as Wilson. Had I not long since given the idea of ever finding out my parents, should certainly suppose this person had.

tion myself,"

Though he did not suppos

onward.

any thing to do with his bi age, he could not wholly from his mind; and when came, it found him upon th house appointed, breathless

with which his impatience h

After stopping a moment t self he rang the bell. The mediately opened by a servai out giving him time to say a v him into a narlor righty for

nothing, but go there and

face with her handkerchief, remained moments silent, while her whole e seemed agitated with some strong tion: Then becoming calmer, she thus essed him, his countenance the while cting an anxiety equal to her own. Do you know your parents, Sir?" do not,' said he anxiously,' 'can you me anything of them?"

Oh! my son, my son! it is my Fredc, I know it is. Oh my boy do I again ild you?' she exclaimed, and fell weep-oyful tears into his extended arms. It is to full to speak. Long and er were their embrace. Mrs. Merfor such was her name, was the first eak. 'Can you, my son,' said she, give your mother for the part she has I towards you? Can you look upon a parent? one who has thus ded you! Oh! Frederick, I have had

#### THE FOUNDLING.

y vears of anguish for that a as was the cause that drove It was all for the best, dear m wered, 'I am too happy nov my thing that has passed; let y of the present and be happy To relate what passed betw ing the several hours of cor t followed the recognition, w ume. Each related to the nts of their lives, with an in ing beyond description. r midnight ere they thought o Frederick was then shown ere we shall leave him to di events of the day, and relate en place in regard to his mot night she left him at Mr. r.



#### CHAPTER V.

After leaving her son, and seeing the servant take him into the house, Mrs. Merford returned to her lone home; if the damp cellar in which she had but that night to stay, for the time she had rented it for had expired, could be called a home; and after collecting what few articles of clothing still remained, she tried to sleep; but sleep she could not, and when morning dawned, she had scarce closed her eyes. Riging early, she set out, determined to find some employment; but strangers would not employ her, and she could not apply to those with whom she had been acquainted in better times. After nearly traversing the city over, and being ready to drop down with fatigue and despair, she accidentally observed at the window of an intelligence office, a notice that a family just starting for England, wanted a woman

to act as a sort, of governess, and trave with them. Summoning all her remaining strength, she went into the office and ap plied for the situation. Luckily the man had entered the office a few moments be fore her, and was at the time expressing his regret at not being able to obtain : woman willing to leave the city; and he was obliged to go the next day or run the risk of being obliged to wait another month Thinking it therefore his only chance, h agreed with Mrs. Merford, and took he home with him. Being too much hurrie no one made any inquiries about her fa ily until they had been several days at s Mrs. Merford then gave them a full hi ry of her life in such a frank and c manner, as to gain their hearts comple Mr. Somerton and his wife were both sessed of fine feelings and could symp with her, and from that time they f her as an equal and allowed her comfort and convenience.

She lived with them in England several years, until Mrs. Somerton died; when Mr. Somerton, preferring to return to America, procured her another situation in a family, with which she lived for twelve years, in the capacity of governess and companion, visiting France annually to spend the winter, and returning to England in the Spring. It was on one of these visits, that while sitting at the window of the hotel, she observed an elderly gentleman pass, whose countenance and figure she well knew. It was her father. was heard to shriek by the inmates of the room, and directly after she fainted. Supposing her suddenly taken ill, they asked her no questions when she recovered. After this she took frequent walks for the purpose of finding out where he resided. Some three weeks afterwards, she again saw him and followed him unnoticed until she saw him enter a boarding house wa vant who attended her, a self for the meeting, she requested the servant to she wished to see him. the parlor scarce able to ings. In a few minutes I first he seemed much aste

better feelings of his heart and ed. Then as if suddenly result, he stopped, and in a asked his kneeling daughter her there?" The words were

ites. Concluhe determined e accordingly with the serreparing herg the bell and ll Mr. Sinton e sat down in ntrol her feelentered. At ished, and the nost triumphollecting himhaughty tone, what brought t like a thun-Merford, She

nd it was sev-

evoused from

Fallen; and

been more

ave like

than she could bear, and had high fever. Her proud father sent her away had he kno send her; but as it was, he w own that she was his daughter ded the necessary attendance. Her disappearance caused n in the family where she had the servant could tell nothin themselves little or no trouble For several days her fath see her, and persisted in the d to have nothing to do with h recovered, if she did at all, and ed little likelihood of it. B they were deadened, his pare were not entirely extinct. Hi

recovered, if she did at all, and ed little likelihood of it. B they were deadened, his pare were not entirely extinct. Hi began to work and would no quiet. Each day did its ac more powerful; a still small potent language he could no stand, told him he was doing

th it conquered. It was since the commencement of the fever, in the went for the first time into his ughter's room. Ho found her in a swee Ho found her in a, and the eep, the first she had fullen into, and the ymptom of a favorable turn of the disease ymptom of the disease ym

### THE FOUNDLING.

father treated her as a father should, at her request made preparations to rn to this country, which they were to do in a few weeks. After a pleasvoyage they arrived in New-York, and immediately for Charleston. The anxof Mrs. Merford to find out something her son was so great that she could ce travel fast enough. Thus on reach-Charleston, her disappointment was portionably severe, when she learned no one could be found who knew anyig of the object of her search. After ing some time, Mr. Sinton proposed, he weather was getting warm, to rere to Baltimore and spend the summer, east.

They had not been in Baltimore but a weeks, when Mrs. Merford, while out for purpose of making some purchases, end the store where her son was. She not at first notice him, but as the se-

the hair-guard, which he had worn s twelve years of age, and the thought fla across her mind, 'it is my son.' Comm ing herself, however, she asked him if name was Wilson.' The answer of went to her heart like a voice from hea She had now little doubt of his ider and it was with difficulty she could

quer her rising emotions.

to call at the house of her father. now,' said she, as she ended the relatiher past history to Frederick, 'I found my long lost child, I am willileave this world as soon as it shall p

She asked

#### THE FOUNDLING.

# CHAPTER VI.

Frederick was the next day pi to his grand-father. He was a r looking man, about sixty years of a a countenance rather harsh and His manners and habits were vercratic, and his disposition obstina however seemed much pleased grandson, and a few days afterwa for, and informed him that he had ded to make him sole heir to all h erty, amounting to several hundre sand dollars, on one condition, vi he should not marry without his 'One of my family,' said he, 'was without my consent, and I do no another shall be.'

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Frederick somewhat nettled by the allusion to his mother, and the manifested with regard to himsel diately told his grandfather that he

me however large, would induce him were already engageu, -

Well, well!' said Mr. Sinton, cooling reak those engagements.

,wh a little, as he saw the spirit of Fred rick, I must find out who the girl is.

he is rich and of good family, I shall n

Mr. Sinton soon ascertained that the be very hard to please.

dy in question was any thing but riel descended from what he called 'good ily. She was the daughter of a res ble mechanic, and her brother, th l near relation she had then living metom-house. He we

mless he gave up all idea Mary Lansdale, he need seeive any thing at his

y composedly answered, never anticipated beingfortune, it was no disapat he would as soon think fe as the heart to which is faith.'

pirit would not allow him ident upon any one, he ertions to find some emiss the truly honest and in fail to succeed, his exshort time crowned with every an offer to go to the ercargo, on board a merough it would take him and from Mary, two or it it his duty to accept.

-Power by gentle zephy passed over the city had a wishes for his success, of and now found his cheeks upon the deck of the vesse the scene around him. Mary watched with ter stripes and stars, that flutter mast-head, as if laughing at with, the sober thoughts of until the last faint glimpse f vision in the distance, and a

self gazing at the .:. .

board a certain quantity of articles on his own account, and invested what money he had, amounting to five hundred dollars, in goods of native manufacture, of little bulk, but which he knew would bring five times as much besides expenses as they cost him.

It may be well here to relate a circumstance that occurred shortly after Frederick arrived in the Indies, showing that sooner or later justice will overtake the guilty, let him be where he will. While walking up one of the streets leading to the wharf, Frederick met a party of the police escorting a culprit they had just taken, to the prison. The face of the criminal seemed familiar to him, and on inquiring his name, he was told it was Howard. It was he who had robbed Mr. Wilson of every thing, and who had been the means of bringing Frederick to his present situation. He was now arrested for robbery, and be-

and Mary, for the s ing detained some m expected, he found these tokens of affect those who have been from home and friend appreciate. And on no means deficient i pleasure: for every v United States, was the

closely written, cross values of the largest

THE FOUNDLING.

rd i

About two years and six mo Frederick  $M_{
m erford}$  left  $B_{
m altim}$ Lansdale, his wife and sister were the balmy air of a May afterno ride in the country, in the course of

they visited Fort McHenry. While ing around the fort a noble brig he sight and bore rapidly up towards the On she came with all her canvass spi to catch the breeze, and as if impatien delay, spurned the briny liquid from h rilded prow. As she neared the fort he uls were let go one by one until but rgle stay-sail remained, under which she led slowly on until the leadsman's cry six,—and a half five—quarter less five, d be distinctly heard. Then as the Sased depth of water warned them not

reed further, till the turn of tide, the was given to 'let go the starboard d lower the foretopmast stay-sail,

were heard, followed by the firit cannon, which was immediately are from the fort. In a few minutes was lowered and started for the The whole party then walked down wharf where the boat was to land. In nearly reached the wharf when Mattention was attracted by a man stern sheets of the boat, of hands pearance, though his face was so the by the sun that he might have been mistaken for a native of the St.

Islands. His actions indicated a

listance off. He had arrived within a few yards of them, when he suddenly stopped and looked a moment, then bounded forward with a cry of joy. But Mary was not behind him in the recognition; for tarting forward at the same instant, she net his extended arms and was once more lasped to his heart. Of course, it was Frederick Merford. The officer in comnand of the fort, who was standing near hem, first looked on in amazement, then s he understood the meaning of the scene, mietly withdrew and left the party to hemselves, muttering as he did so, that 'it ras very strange how they happened to e there just at the time they were there.'

The happy party soon started for town make one more heart glad, viz: Fredrick's mother, whom he was very anxious see. He learned from Mary on his ay up, that his grandfather had died six nonths before, leaving his fortune to ver-

handsome support for Mrs. Mer-He found his mother in good health rerjoyed to see him return successma his voyage. On the death of her r, Mrs. Merford had removed to a ler house, and dismissed most of the vants, for the double purpose of living

re retired, and in such a way as to enle her to place as much as possible of er annuity in the command of Frederick hould he need it on his return.

As Frederick did not wish to take a secand voyage, though the owners would gladhim, he concluded to en-- if he could he vessel was one of the first f the city; and this man had strong partiality for Frederick, ned his highest respect by the and business talent he exhibs business transactions. He he store one afternoon shortly ival, when Mr. Burns called

following conversation took

Ierford, you decline going to sain for us?

I do not like to leave my ng, as she is old and feeble.'

there is some one else here ke to leave so long, is there r. Burns, slapping him on the

here is,' said Frederick, slight-

thought so, my lad; I am that, though you are not want-

ly do so.

Fredeick at once gave him a frank a true account of his affairs, and told h what his wishes were.

'Well!' said Mr. Burns, after Frederi had concluded, 'you need not trouble you

solf any more about it; my partner di about two months since, and I have fou no one to suit me, until now, and you :

just the one. Don't say a word, but j accept at once, and no thanks either. ) made several thousand dollars for us in

brig Ellen, more than the man who went voyage before, and it is no more than # us now pass over a few years, (durich our hero continued with Mr. and steadily, by honest and upright . amassed a snug little fortune for ;) and imagine ourselves walking up easant street where Mr. Lansdale, so Miss Mary reside. The time is eight in the evening. 'But what many people entering the house nethinks I hear the reader ask, 'and as the man in episcopal robes to do ' Let us enter, my good reader, what is going on. Quite a select lity is assembled, among whom we nors. Merford who appears the very picenjoyment, and Mr. Burns, who is in one corner, apparently taking otice of what is about him, yet by uliar twinkle of his eye, something e in his head more than he wished

r. But see, the door opens, and all

ford's stately form, and leaning the arm is the lovely Mary Lansdale, dress in a robe of pure white, with a simple tia of natural white roses wreathed in her da hair 'Lovely charming, angelic,' are e clamations that are heard in whispers for every part of the room. Yes, she is lovel A creature more angelic never blessed t heart of man.

and Same our

The man of God then joins their hand and offers up a fervent prayer for the future happiness; after which the par proceeded to the refreshment room to pe take of the many delicacies furnished, the occasion. On a table in the centary the room stands a splendid pyray crystalized sugars, of every hue, miration of all, bearing the worther BRIDEGROOM. Where

no one can tell; it was brought to ouse by a confectioner, who said a eman ordered it sent there, whose he did not know, but that it must not iched until it was cut. But the bridea appears, with knife in hand, to deh the splendid fabric. The moment, ver, that his knife touched the top, it o the table in a crumbling mass, and ses in the centre a beautiful rosebox, on the cover of which in gold s, is the inscription, 'Industry and verance move mountains.' On opense box, what was the astonishment of hero at finding bank notes to the at of one hundred thousand dollars, , note underneath, reading thus: 'You lived up to your motto; accept the rd which is your just due; pursue the path through the remainder of your which you have hitherto pursued, and will live and die happy.' All coajenas to who was at the bottom of this would last at least nine days.

Some ten or twelve years after to Burns was seated in a pleasan reading a newspaper, when a seemed suddenly to cross his moralling to him, a little girl of six, ar of ten years of age, who answers names of Frederick and Ellen Mesaid, 'You have often heard you talk of the box with the hundred dollars in it, that he got on his

night, without knowing where

from?



### THE FOUNDLING.

n you go home. When yo adfather told your father that i nherit him, he became in a sl y sorry for it, but his spirit ghty to allow him to acknowled grandson. While your father Indies, old Mr. Sinton came to m ing one hundred thousand dollar hands, bade me keep it for your i I he was married, and then give but without telling him from wh Two months afterwards, Mr. ied, and when your father was I planned the pyramid and ed for the occasion. Now, my follow the same course throu res, that your father has obse will always be as happy a be on earth. Remember the and fame, from no condition rise; Il your part, there all the honor her ast the motto of your father and Persecerance more Mountain Gently and quietly the night folded wings over a pleasant home among Green Mountains, where a happy ciwere gathered around a blazing fir maple wood. It was one of those old f ioned homesteads of which every one a bright ideal; tall trees bent over it to shelter the young hearts that beat pily under that roof, and peacefully, a as the birds that sang to them through

& folded is , among the , happy circl

secluded home.

been absent a week on

a distance, though it ws

the broad evergreen for

blazing fire of those old fast ich every one be s bent over it as hearts that beat har and peacefully, eve ag to them through the

. dwelt the little moun Ther

granary. There leave at home, who care was needfulfeared to leave the out any protection cence, and the care trusted. Trained as they storm and danger, o

It was the farm

now; the harvest

waned, and left r

the hardy children pendence of being of themselves,' as J the home duties they had faithfully performed, for the absent ones were expected home that night, and each little heart beat happily in the consciousness of having done right.

'Well,' said James, 'I guess father don't expect to find all the corn husked when he gets home.'

'No, nor the old shed boarded so nicely,' said Richard. 'What have you got to tell father, An-

nie?' said James to a little gentle creature, who looked like a white morning-glory with blue eves. 'Oh, I shall tell him how good we've all

been, and how I helped you feed the lambs every day.'

'You'll tell him we've been wont you, cousin Marion?' aske/ for the roguish boy began t certain instances of his tee

tell father, Angentle creature.

Ate morning-glory

a how good we've all ped you feed the lambs

m we've been good too.

Marion? asked Richard. boy began to remember, of his teasing and fur looked black e and dearly the gifted and so k then, as Jam hand at makin But Marion indeed she wa

hand at makin
But Marion
indeed she was
romping game
with James Gi
than dance th
splendid city

g trees brightrowded t make.

houghts or every n round rayer so hat their

> the stin

ey knelt, for a few

seat, with r lap, the ace with

red Richalmost all



#### DOVE OF THE STORM.

as a trembling dove, picking the vered window as if he plead for from the driving storm. All the ran eagerly to the door, and laid the dove gently and carefully on's hand. The flickering light of dle shone far out on the lonely road, showed two figures all wreathed the falling snow. It was unusual in ely place to see strangers passing uight, and the ever restless Richard d—

carry in the dove and warm it, an to run out and see who they

l looked that half-frozen dove to les who had rescued it. As it in Marion's bosom, there was its opening eyes that seemed less earnestly it told of quiet it content. They smoothed the plumes caressingly, talk-

## DOVE OF THE STORM.

ll the while to 'Dovie,' as if it knew meaning. They scarcely heeded the nee of Richard till he said—

hose folks were beggars, and wanted hould keep them over night, but I hem as father always does, that every took care of its own poor, and if

had staid at home they need'nt suf-

Who were they? how did they look? e did they come from? inquired all at

Th, they looked bad enough; there

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an old man, and a girl, not so big as on, and they come from some place below that I never heard of before old codger said he was going to see rother up north, but I guess he made sat story.'

Why Dick, I did'nt think you'd turn off ld man and a poor shivering girl, in a night as this;' and as James spoke,

# DOVE OF THE STORM.

went to the window, adding, 'I don't ink father and mother will come, it storms ; if they are on the way they will put up mewhere.'

'The old man's breath smelt of rum,' iswered Richard, 'and if he can buy that, can buy a lodging. I did pity the girl be sure, for when I told them that the vern was two miles off, she said, 'Oh, ear, that seems a great ways;' but then ther says it is only encouraging folks to ink, if you do anything for them when ey wander about so.'

Richard did indeed repeat an oft-heard nitiment of his father's when he said this, r though a worthy man in most respects, ir. Graham was one of those who 'rememer the poor,' only so far as the sufferers e good and virtuous and struggling hard support themselves.'

But the holier teachings of his wife had ven the children other and better feelwhen little Annie que., wouldn't have sent them away if the did drink rum.'

'You promised us a story, cousin on,' said Richard, glad to turn from ful subject, 'tell us one about old the like those best.' 'Tell about a war James. 'About Indians,' said Fred. when you was a little girl like m Annie. 'Tell us about somethin ever told us before,' said a quiet the corner.

If the gifted Marion had one perfection, it was that highly very of telling stories. The

the children used to sit for hours and listen to cousin Marion's enchanting stories, which were usually the thrilling realities of History dressed in her own glowing thoughts. Sometimes she recited an old fairy tale or some wild legend of early times; but tonight the white plumed dove lay lovingly by her, and her eyes rested sadly upon its trembling breast, as it uttered those low moaning sounds, which nothing on earth equals in plaintive sadness. Marion's heart beat time to the mournful notes, for there were noble feelings striving against her woman's fearfulness; thoughts of the poor sufferers in that wild storm, of their peril, and it might be of their death.

She arose resolutely and said, 'I'm going to find those beggars,' and as she spoke she began to wrap a shawl around her, while her lovely face glowed with courageous feeling.

'Don't go,' plead little Annie, 'you'll be all buried up in the snow.'

lap.

ou shall not go alone, cousin Marion, tichard, whose better feelings were wakened by a little reflection.

Il carry the lantern, said James, for h boy as he was, he knew how to adher heroic resolution, and he knew peril of such an errand.

Vhile they are hastily wrapping coats to cloaks around them, we will follow the gars on their lonely path.

That house looked some like our old me, didn't it pa? said the pale, sad me, didn't it pa? said the pale, sad earted girl as she looked back on the shelter had been.

the old place don't belong to us now,' hanswered harshly; 'don't worry about if or we can't help it now.'

'I know it,' she said sadly, 'we have n home anywhere.' Oh, how mournfull those simple words were spoken, bearin the tale of a young heart crushed an

those simple words were spoken, bearin the tale of a young heart crushed an blighted, of young hopes chilled foreve It touched even the heart of the hardene

father, and he drew his motherless chil close to his side, murmuring, 'poor dov poor Isabel.' Ay, the beggar girl bore the proud name and she had graced it in has pier days; when her father was an honore and trusted man; when the noblest vess

on the broad lakes was his own; beforum had ruined a God-like intellect, ar wasted a princely fortune.

It was dark now in those forsaken hear even as on God's earth, and their path w

It was dark now in those forsaken hear even as on God's earth, and their path w lost, faster and faster came down the blinding snow, and in their utter desol

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www me neglected Isabel lay folded bosom of the father whose fallen for she had so devotedly shared, and hot fell from his eyes on her pale face. bel, darling, can you forgive me th have deprived you of love and home, everything on earth? Can you forgive for being a drunkard?

now; I am happy in dying with you, dear father.'

'Oh father, do not talk of those th

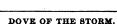
Shadowy phantoms gathered dimly re

hers, and he felt almost glad that he saw not the closing of those beautiful eyes; so many a weary day their light had cheered him since poverty and drunkenness had driven him out to beg for daily bread; they were clear and blue as the waters of their own beloved lake, and they ever looked kindly on. Now they were closed; the eyes of her weary spirit were opened, and she saw such white winged angels as had often floated dimly through her dreams, and sun-bright flowers and gushing fountains, and dwellings of wondrous beauty were before her. There they are perishing—though Isabel has earnestly longed to die, and as she revives a little from the death lethargy, she nestles closer to her father's bosom,

revives a little from the death lethargy, she nestles closer to her father's bosom, like an innocent dove, and feels it is sad to lay down a young life there in a dreamy tempest, so far from all of life and sympathy, and once more she gazes round and

No, 'tis not a star, 'tis a light and there sounding footsteps and cheerful ve near.

The father roused himself at her hurwords but they were too nearly exhaut to call for help. Marion heard a faint as of one perishing; it was just like moaning of a dove. 'Here, Richard, way with the lantern,' she exclaimed, she bounded over the snow-drift by wh the wanderers lay. They saw a briface bending tenderly over them.



her in his own coat. She smiled faintly in gratitude, and entreated him to go to her father; but he was already standing by his preserver, anxiously inquiring for his daughter. And now the whole party heard the sound of approaching sleighbells, and Richard joyfully exclaimed, "Tis father and mother.' Though startled to see so strange a group by the roadside, the parents soon understood all, and the old man was comfortably placed in the sleigh, while the rest followed in its track homeward. James would not give up his rescued charge, and leaning on his strong arm, with cousin Marion's ever joyous words of hope in her ear, Isabel felt like one waking to a new life.

It was late on that eventful night when the blazing fire went out on the hearth, and all were asleep. In vain they sought for the rescued dove; it had flown, none knew whither, for little Annie had fallen asleep while the others were away.



# OUR JESSIE: OR, THE EXCLUSIVES.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

- 'Lizzy, who was that pretty girl I met on the stairs this morning?' said Frederick Carlton, as he threw himself into a well cushioned chair beside his sister; 'she was some intimate friend, I presume, for she went into your apartment.'
- · I suppose it was Sarah Morton, as she is the only person I am in the habit of admitting to my dressing room; was she very pretty?
  - 'Beautiful.'
  - 'How was she dressed?'
- 'With the utmost simplicity and next-

; she dresse lady you met , with a white

ldlestick. o, the lovely ttle straw bonher dark hair her forehead; l a mouth like an you tell me it must have

Jessie? asked

ired; a pretty arcely sixteen.' is a seamst ess, ter mistake-it ide the matter, Fred; Jessie is now at work in our little sewing room, and as I am going up to give her some directions you can accompany me.'

Frederick Carlton obeyed his sister's suggestion, and sauntered into the room, still hoping his sister was mistaken. But no, there sat the object of his admiration, there sat our Jessie, surrounded by pieces and patches, shaping and sewing with the utmost diligence, and scarcely raising her eyes from her work. Seating himself at a little distance, under pretence of waiting his sister's leisure, Frederick busied himself in studying the countenance of the unconscious girl.

'Her features are not perfectly regular, thought he; but what soft eyes she has, what a lovely mouth, and how beautifully her fine forehead shines out between those bands of raven hair; her voice too is soft and low, 'an excellent thing in woman.'

Grey, laughing, and for your susceptible prother, I am sorry she is not ing room, tell me heroine of romance. Jessie Murray's fath. er was a printer, who, meeting with a see vere accidental injury, was confined to his bed for several years before his death, dur ing which time his wife supported the fame ily by seamstress work and dress making. Mr. Murray was always a reading man, and after he was disabled, he diverted his weary hours by books and the education Thave been told that he studied and Greek, in order that he might of his children. his son, and thus fit him, if post college, while he carefully in

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sie in all the branches he deemed essential to a good education. After her father's death, which occurred not long since, when Jessie was about eighteen years of age, she determined to fulfil his wishes respecting her younger brother, and secure for him a collegiate education. She therefore adopted her present employment; she is a neat seamstress and an excellent dress maker. Her services are highly estimated, and she works for a few customers who engage her, as we do, for several months together. Her brother entered college last fall, and she is at all the expense of his education.'

'What a noble minded girl she must be to submit to a life of drudgery for such a purpose.'

'She is the more praiseworthy, Fred, because she could have obtained a situation of nursery-governess, which, according to a modern notion, would have been far less

degrading; but she refused it because it would prevent her from returning every Is she always cheerful and good humor 90 night to her mother. She has one of the most winning tem-She must be a lovely creature. Yes, it is a pity to see so much beauty ed? pers I ever knew. and grace wasted in humble life. But why need it be wasted, Julia? Because she will in all probability, mar ry some rough mechanic, who never w perceive her grace, and scarcely appre Do you suppose then, that per beauty is not appreciated by the P ate her beauty. (Yes, but only certain kinds of well as the rich, Julia? a healthy, coarse red check, an bright eye, are the charms nor among the plebians.

' Julia what are you talking about? Are Americans running mad? Here have I returned to my native country after an absence of only five years, and while my love for our republican institutions has increased ten fold, I find my countrymen have become perfectly beside themselves in their aping of foreign follies. Plebians, for sooth!

most democratic community?" 'Why, Fred, there must be a difference between the upper and lower classes in all communities.'

and, pray, who are the Patricians of this

'Yes, Julia, the difference between the good and the wicked, the honest and dishonest, the educated and the ignorant, the governors and the governed-' You forget the principal distinction,

Fred, the rich and the poor.'

'Aye, I thought so; that is the principal distinction in modern times, and of course the rich man is the patrician, though he

boorped intle wealth from the de vi man is the plebian, Ješsi , should have been Imerican nobles the Pers istion of independence. , you are quite wrong, th he be as rich as Cresus, good society; but it he usiness before his children , they are received, and his a finally rank among our first ed they retain the fortune for ir grandfather toiled, I suppose, Well, I am glad to have the matter actorily explained, especially as w , children of a mechanic, eavens! Fred, how can you say s father was an India merchant. True, my high-minded sister, by gan life in a cooper's shop down ( where he afterwards built hi



hooped; and I remember whe shavings. But that is thirty ye people have forgotten it.

not pleasant to have such things by injure you nor me, but they may

"True, Lizzy might not be allowed marry a mechanic's grandson if it we sughter."

Frederick Co.

Frederick Carlton with some eccenity possessed many excellent qualities.
father had bestowed upon him all the
completing his studies he had spent
her died, and his elder sister married,
on his return he found the old fam-

Julia's stately mansion. His pheritance insured him a competence, as he resolved to marry as soon as he shou meet with a woman capable of realizing his notions of domestic happiness. It not to be supposed that the rich and tracelled Mr. Carlton (whose three thousand dollars of yearly income was more the doubled by many tongued rumor,) lack opportunities of selecting a companion, life. But among the manœuvring many and displaying daughters, he had any seen no one who equalled his identification.

any utopian notions of perfect equality; I am therefore aware that there must always exist different classes in society, such as working men and men of wealth, men gifted with intellect, and others only one remove from idiocy, but let us never acknowledge that worst of all tyrannies, an oligarchy of mere wealth. A man of enlightened mind and virtuous principles is my equal, whatever be his occupation, and whether his hand be hardened by the blacksmith's hammer, or soiled by the ink of the learned professions, it is one which I can grasp with respect.'

I can grasp with respect.'

His notions much displeased his fastidious sisters, and they took great pains to convince him of his folly. But it was in vain they tried to initiate him into the mysteries of modern fashion; he would neither conceal half his face beneath an overgrowth of mustaches and beard, nor would he imitate the long eared asses &

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by the indispensable cane, alleging that we such a sudden lameness had fallen on the spindle-shanked men of fashion, was the duty of those who could still oast some solidity of understanding to epend on themselves for support. The adies pronounced him very handsome but hockingly unfashionable; while the gendemen who found that his rent-roll we ot likely to be diminished either at the illiard-table or the race course, discussion character as they picked their teeth.

Broadway hotels

manity. Had Jessie been a freckled, redhaired, snub-nosed girl, Fred would probably have soon forgotten her sisterly devotion, but she was too pretty to vanish quickly from his mind. Somehow or other, it happened almost every morning that he found it necessary to see his sisters at an early hour, when he was sure of finding them in the sewing room. His presence became at length quite unheeded by Jessie as well as by his sisters, and, while he amused himself in romping with his little nephew, or quizzing the changes of fashion which usually occupied his sisters' thoughts, he had constant opportunities of studying the character of 'our Jessie!' He noticed her quiet good sense, her fine taste, cheerful manners, her unaffected humility, the patience with which she bore the caprices of his sisters, and he repeated to himself again and again, 'What a pity she should be obliged to lead such a life.'

hastening in an opposite direction turn and join her was his first impuls 'Where are you going, at so k

hour, Miss Murray?' he as'ed.
'Home,' she replied, still hurryi

ward.

'At least allow me to accompany

'Oh, no sir,' sail she, 'it is not ne
ry. I go home alone every evening.
'But you are liable to i sailt and t

But you are liable to i sult, and a not venture out without a protector.

'We, poor girls are obliged to lown protectors, Mr. Carlton,' s id

'He is at New Haven college, sir. Mr. Carlton, let me beg you not to go out of your way for me.'

Fred only answered by drawing her arm through his. Jessie at first seemed alarmed; but re-assured by his respectful manner, she consented to accept his escort, and they soon reached her mother's door. The light of a cheerful fire gleamed through the half opened shutters, and as Fred locked in the room he could not avoid noticing the perfect neatness of its arrangement. But Jessie did not invite him to enter, and he unwillingly bade her good night, though he had a strong desire to take a seat beside that humble hearth. When next he met his sisters, he told them of his adventure, and asked why they did not send a servant with the little seamstress.

'Lord, brother, what an idea! exclaimed Lizzy. 'I am sure she can take care of herself.'

o'clock, on a winter's night?"

'No; but I have always been accusto ed to a protector. Such poor girls as J sie early learn to take care of themselv and do not feel the same fears which lad do.'

'For shame!' exclaimed Frederick, 'you suppose that poverty blunts every potention, and destroys every delicate feing? Faith, I believe the poor girl is me favored than the rich in such respect. I don't know one of your fashionable frail Lizzy, who would shrink from takin.

QUR JE

'Frederick, are you If I did not know yo should think you had bee wine! 'I never was in a sound

my dear sisters, and yet I have a great mind to m your sister-in-law—that is,

'Come, come, Fred,' in De Grey, 'you are carrying r: Lizzy is ready to cry wit 'It is no farce, Julia, I am it 'For heaven's sake, do no l; a pretty business it would luce one of my hirelings as no, Fred, that won't do. ou need not introduce her if ned of her. I dare say we sho without your aid.' would be ruinous to all Lizzy

stress?'
Frederick laughed hearti
'True, I had forgetten: C
the grandson of old Toney'
to peddle essences about th
course is now good society
not interfere with Lizzy
speculations, so banish you
'Oh, I have no fears at
all your eccentricities I
never do anything so del

Notwithstanding her 1

permanently, she thought of a plan which promised success, and she consu ted Lizzy as to its possibility.

'Aunt Tabit'a has sent to us to procure her a seamstress for a few weeks, suppose we induce Jessie to go; the poor thing needs the country air, and it will be just the place for her.'

'Why, Julia?' asked Lizzy, with a smile, because she needs country air, or because

we need her absence?

'Nay, Lizzy, it is no laughing matter. I want to send her out of Fred's way before she has any suspicion of his folly.'

But why send her to Aunt Tabitha?'

'Because Fred will never find her there; he is so fraid of the old lady's sentimentalities that he never visits her, and by the time Jessie returns, he will have some new folly to engage his attention.'

The p'an was matured; and Jessie, who really felt the need of a change of  $\dot{\mathbf{w}}:, \dot{\mathbf{w}}$ 

WINDS TRAININGS 100

ingly one bright sunny morning, a stage posited Jessie at the gate of a peat old hioned cottage, which stood on the outirts of a village about forty miles from the great metropolis.

'Where is 'our Jessie?' asked Fred, then he had watched in vain for her daily eturn to the little sewing room.

'Lord, brother, do you think I keep a ecord of her engagements? When she as finished our work she goes somewhat lse, and that is all I know about it.'



### OUR JESSIE.

prettiest girls in Lizzy's set, an sie Murray better than any of t stress-indeed! I wonder if like to hear that our own dear 1 to make six shillings a week shoes when she was first ma honest cooper, our father? ] hate to mar Lizzy's plans; ] some one to advise me. Now l I will go and see Aunt Tabith good romantic old soul, who ridicule so much, will now be my sellor.' So, with his usual impet started on a visit to Aunt Tabi his sisters quite ignorant of his and little dreaming of the pleasure that awaited him.

Dear old Aunt Tabitha; whelar compound she was of good to exaggerated sentiments. In each had been betrothed to one who was the only obstacle to their thad sailed for India, in the

g his fortunes, but he never reach glis fortunes, but he never reach did any tidings of his fate ever reach at the same seed, it has been seen to see the seed of 
could forgive eccentricity in behalf of llence. Fred Carlton, in his boyish, had conceived great dislike of her liarities and unable then to appre late eal goodness, was terribly bored by the styled he 'sentimentalities.'

at he had since learned to know her er, and her very foibles now seemed inder her better fitted to afford him sel. What was the result of her ad-

et us pass over a lapse of three years, se course of which Lizzy Carlton had ied the rich, the aristocratic Charles is, who was the very pink of fashion, pting his dislike of perfumes, an antipprobably owing to early associations. sisters were established to their heart's ent. A fine house, French furniture, lendil carriage, and plenty of servants, fallen to the lot of both. It is true, habitual failings of Julia's husband, had

but these were trifling drawbacks up felicity of women of fashion. Fred ( was residing in Paris, the happy h of a charming woman, and enjoying pleasures of that gay city. Had he forgotten our Jessie? One morning, Lizzy entered her room with an open letter in her ha claiming, 'Oh, Julia, I have good n you; Fred is coming home, and his ian wife will arrive just in time brilliancy to our winter parties.'

Julia shrugged her shoulders. it may be so, Lizzy; but Fred is queer fellow that he is quite likely

the fashion. They were wearing nets a la Carlton, mantillas a la Carltin, in short, there was no limit to the adation she was exciting. The Duke of leans had asked her name, as he met her

ation she was exciting. The Duke of leans had asked her name, as he met her her daily rides, and had expressed himfin very decided terms respecting her auty; the Duke of Nemours has danced the her at a ball, given her at the Tuilles, and she has even sung a ductt with Princess Clemantine, at one of the yal soirees.'

Can it be possible! Well, if that be

pecting her, and we can only learn her origin from herself; she is quite distinguished for her vocal powers and though little skilled in instrumental music, creates quite a sensation by her splendid style of singing. From all I can hear, I judge that Fred has led as eccentric a life abroad as he does at home; nobody knew when he was married, but after living in retirement for two years after his return to Paris, he emerged from his seclusion, bringing with him his lovely and gifted wife.'

Well, we shall know all about her when they arrive; she will certainly be the fashion, but I should like to know who she is; however, she is a foreigner, and that will be

sufficient to attract attention.'

A few weeks later, Fred Carlton are in his native city, and hurried to resisters, whom, in despite of their foll really loved.

'Where is your wife?' was the first of At the Hotel.'

- Why didnt you bring her to our house?" Asked Mrs. De Gray.
  - 'Because I coaldn't tell w'ether you would like to receive her; you know nothing about her, and I have not forgotten

your old prejudices.'

- 'Yes; but you certainly could not doubt of her meeting a warm well me; for although we have never seen her, yet we are not ignorant of her high reputation for beauty and fashion. We are all impatience to greet her, Fred; come, let us go directly to see her.'
- Excuse me, my dear girls; first impressions are all important, and I have no identified for your seeing my pretty wife when she is looking pale and travel worn; I positively forbade her receiving any visits for three days, because I want her to appear in all her chains at Man Grantham's mical soirce, next Thursday.

But surely you will allow her to see her relatives.'

justice to my choice; she has t admired in Paris, and I wish her be as well established here.'
'So you have become a conv system, brother; and really de-

your wife a woman of fashion.'

'I have my reasons, Lizzy; who once seen her enjoying the undissession of your admiration, we sto our quiet home and laugh at we now perpetrate.'

'Do you suppose your wife w

'Do you suppose your wife w tent to retire from the gay sce she now adorns?'

'My wife is only obeying my manœuvering you out of that folly; if we had not sent Jessie out of your way, you might have been the husband of a little sewing girl, instead of glorying in a wife who claims the praise of princes.'

- 'Perhaps I might, Lizzy, but where is the seamstress?'
- 'I don't know; she and her mother removed from their old residence soon after you saw her here; and I could discover no trace of them. I suppose she is the wife of some honest carpenter by this time. But tell us, Fred, when shall we see Mrs.

Carlton?

- 'We will meet you at Mrs. Grantham's soiree.'
- 'Ah, I see; you think she needs the necessaries of dress, and the advantages of lamp light. Really, I believe you are half ashamed of your wife, Fred.'
- 'Perhaps I am only ashamed of my sisters,' was the teazing reply, as, with a merry laugh, Fred Carlton hurried away.

en the appointed issers, full of curiosity, repair they were sisters, full of curiosity, repair they were issers, full of curiosity, repair they were annotated to be punctual, and it to be punctual, and it to for fashionable to be punctual, and it to for fashionable to be punctual, and it to fashionable to be punctual, and it to fashionable to be punctual, and it to fashionable they were arrested to with melody.

The song was the fine balled of of the song was the fine balled of the apartment with melody.

Robin Gray, which, when well sung, new fails to thrill every heart; and as it fails to thrill every heart; and into singer now threw her whole soul into singer now threw her whole in breathless.

'How do you like your new sister,' said Mrs. Grantham, as she welcomed her guests; 'is she not all I pictured her?'

'We have not seen her,' was the reply, and at that moment Fred approached. What was their astonishment, when in the lady who leaned upon his arm they discovered 'Our Jessie!'

As he led his wife to a seat beside them, and listened to their gracious welcome, he could not forbear whispering to Lizzy, 'you

see how much I am indebted to your maneuvering; the partner of a royal duke, the belle of an hereditary prince, the songstress of the regal soirces, is, after all, only

the little sewing-girl.'
'But when did you marry her?'

'Ask aunt Tahitha.'
Fred Carlton had devoted the two first years of his wedded life to the cultivation of his wife's fine musical talents, and he then brought her into society, determined.

whether beauty, not sufficient claims upon the fashionable world. He had a for the fashionable world. He had beeded even beyond his hopes, and as seeded even beyond his hopes, and as edded even beyond his hopes, and as been deeded even beyond his hopes, and so is sisters had his and fortune, he could not but smile he indignation which his aisters had the indignation which his aisters had the indignation which his aisters had the indignation which his aisters had his wife's nee expressed respecting so degrading an illiance. As soon as he saw his wife's charms fully appreciated, and was assured that his sisters had become reconciled to that his sisters had become reconciled to that his sisters had become from its frivolous the thought of introducing her into society, the thought of introducing her into society, and during a long life of uninter gairies, and during a long life of uninter definitions and during a long life of uninter gairies, and domestic happiness, never four

# THE SAVOYARD:

AN INCIDENT FROM REAL LIFE.

Every one in Paris remembers the brilliant marriage of M. Andrew J., who was one of the richest bankers in the Chaussee d'Antin—to Mill de V., only daughter of the Marquis de V., formerly the ambassador and a peer of France. It was celebrated last winter, with great pomp, at the chapel of the palace of Luxembourg, and in the magnificent Hotel of M. A. J.......................... But every body has not heard of the strange and charming episode that marked that aristocratic hymen, and which has given to the

nd a reputation for origin

was the morning of the marriage.

e equipages of M. Andrew Jare waiting in the court yard; and he imself waited for his witnesses in a sulcon,

gilded from top to bottom, when a valet announces the tailors of Monsieur.

Ten tailors entered, each carrying a large bundle under his arm; and all, like

Roman augurs, could not look at each oth These ten tailors brought fifty costum er without laughing.

. Saroyard chimney sweepers, the

#### THE SAVOYARD.

After the tailors came the hat fifty caps; then the shirt makers, shirts; then the wooden shoema fifty pairs of wooden shoes; and musical instrument maker, with f gurdys. All went away liberally each more amazed than the o asked themselves whether it wa some mystification.

 the other guests

the other guests

ne boys retired, astounded, and repeatto themselves the order, before they
to themselves that it was not a
tild assure themselves that it without beteam, and went to execute it, without it
team, and went to execute it, without beteam, and went to execute it.

hard frost had succeeded the fall of snow; hard frost had succeeded the fall of snow; witha pale sun shone on the glazed frost, without melting it. It was time to require fires
in all the chimneys. In a word, it was the
true harvest time of chimney-sweepers.
true harvest time of chimney-sweepers.
The messenger of M. A. J.

The messenger of M. A. J.

Goding our Savoyards, cryi

## THE SAVOYARD.

'A little sous, my Colonele! my General! my Prince! my Emperor! etc., until the little sous silence them: for no one knows or can practice better than the Savoyard the art of importuning.

Figure to yourself, then, the surprise of our young rogues, when, instead of a sous, they were promised a louis, on the only condition of their coming to a wedding feast. The good news run from chimney to chimney, like a telegraphic despatch; in less than two hours, you could not have found a Savoyard in Maubert place or Guerin-Boisseau street. All the chimneys which depended on them that day, were threatened by a great fire.

Having only the embarrassment of choice, the messengers of the feast bravely took the blackest, the dirtiest, and the ruggedest; and when they entered the beautiful hotel of M. A. J——, you would have said that the palace of Jupiter was carried by assault, by Vulcan.

from Luxembourg. On one side v liveries of gold and silver, the d silk and velvet, the laces and jev most elegant dandies and the har ladies of Paris; on the other, t covered with soot and smoke, the

bodies. The brilliant guests looked av

hair and tattered clothes, on hai

asked themselves what this meant. J\_\_\_\_, fixed on the Savoyard ancholy look, and seemed to say self: 'Is the happiness here, or th it here,' he added as he pressed hi the hand of his charming wife

An hour afterwards, a stream as black as ink crossed the court yard, on its way to the drain. It was from the washing of fifty Savoyards, who at the same moment came out of the bath, as from the cauldron of Æson, so much fairer and whiter, so much plumper and fresher, that they truly seemed to have changed their skin, and to see for the first time the air and sun. You would have said that a troop of frightful demons had been changed into cherubs or Graces.

The hour of feasting had come. A thousand lights, spouting from gold and bronze, caused the hotel to sparkle with brilliancy. After having visited the apartments, enriched by all the taste that a millionaire could suggest, the guests proceeded to range themselves around a table arranged by Chevet, and had entirely forgotten the apparition of the chimney sweepers.

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Suddenly, the folding doors opened. e saloon appeared illuminated like the l, garnished like that by a splendid feast, I like that, filled with a crowd of joyous ests. You would have said that it was scene of a theatre, or had been created the wand of a fairv. At sight of this double party, none exot M. Andrew J-, and his wife, exinged a smile of intelligence. But soon y could hardly believe their eyes or ir ears, when they recognized the fright-Savoyards changed to the most beautilittle rogues in the world, all in new ts, neat wooden shoes, new caps, and all icing and singing to the sound of their dy gurdies, and thus preparing to eat l n silver plate and drink from chrystal vas like a vision of Savoy, such as,

resented by the poets and pair eeded only the smoky chimner antains covered with snow.

eyes, nued with tears. By menus, he to his wealthy guests, 'pardon me whim. Having become to-day the l ness.'

piest of men, I have desired to make tl who are unhappy partake of my ha This noble explanation was applau by all, but they suspected that he lifted only a corner of the veil, and av ing the explanation of the scene, the le and small guests dined together. The tle ones especially, indemnified themse in an hour for all the days of fasting their short life. The rich meats, the game, the exquisite ragouts, the ex

object? Are you happy?'

The children replied by stamping the grounds, and with crys of joy, wh did not leave any doubt.

'We are amused for all our lives,' claimed one of the largest, who did

presume to say anything unpleasant. 'Not for all your lives,' replied banker, 'because you, too, are able to happy by yourselves and make in 3 turn the happiness of others, if happi consists in riches. I am going to pre by relating to you a history which show you how chimney sweepers

equipages, and dine every day, as you do here. Listen to the history of a Savoyard, whom I have known and who was even more miserable than any of you.

lesson is well adapted to a nuptial feast. 'There was once a little chimney sweeper of your age. He was called Sans-

feu-ni-lieu, because he had no longer any father or mother, or any shelter. people of his village gave him a cage and a sparrow hawk, put some bread under his arm and a stick in his hand, pointed out France to him in the horizon and said

to him: "march with the grace of God." Sans-feu-ni-lieu departed contented enough, lost sight of his steeple, eat his bread and shared it with his bird, but he soon found the end of it. He wandered then from village to village, singing for a sous, danc-

ing enough for two, sweeping a chimney for a little supper, and sleeping with the cows, or under the beautiful stars. He

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by snow in the midst of a large first. had walked on and on as long as hi would carry him, and he was not a reach any house. The snow lay in before him and hunger was joined

fatigue.

'He had eaten nothing for three but roots. In a word, he thought hi abandoned by God, he set his hawk of ground, threw himself at the foot of a buried his frozen hands in his brew sank faintly from inanition. It over apparently, with Sans-feu-ni-lie anow fell continually and begand

#### THE SAVOYARD.

rd, a quarter of roast hare, yet id cooked. The hawk, half famisl sened his cage and had gone to rev from the feast of some coal ard by. Judge of the feast the c re bird made. Sans-feu-ni-lieu s ne could never despair of Provide anked God on his knees, swo imself as God had aided him, at v patience to gain every thing. ved at the neighboring town, v orked so well that he gained urdy. With this hurdy-gurdy h new coat, and entered joyfully ns. He found there a master ot take too much pains. He save ancs; with these he learned to rite, and arithmetic. One day as sweeping at the house of a bu w a boy 17 years old, shedding ears, because he could not do a l hich his father set him.

izen, who had discovered it all. He led at him from head to foot and asked 'How much do you gain by the mon 'From ten to thirty francs, without coing the hurdy-gurdy.' 'Well, you we gain a hundred francs if you would to for me.'

The next day Sans-feu-ni-lieu had a coat and a good room. He entered clerk into the house of the citizen, who a great mechanician. When he beceighteen years old his wages dou Soon he perfected a machine invente his master, and this gave him a perfect his master.

my friends? Well, the bankruptcy of an associate ruined him, and he became again Sans-feu-ni-lieu. Do you know what he did then? He went back to the source of his fortune; he was not ashamed to be once more a journeyman machinist, and by his good workmanship he became again master, and instead of five hundred thousand francs he gained a million. It was with that sum he came to Paris and passed from mechanics to finance. He had reflected that machines ruined a good many workmen, and he had resolved not to make any more, remembering his condition at first. God has recompensed this honorable scruple.

To-day he has increased ten fold his million, he is one of the first bankers of Paris; but he has forgotten neither his origin nor his misfortunes; and to prove this, my children, he has invited you to his wedding, in order to relate to you his own

mistory; for Sans-leu-in

to-day, M. Andrew J——. crowned his happiness by marrying the daughter of the Marquis de V.

'And this happiness he owes only to himself,' cried M'lle de V., holding out both hands to her husband.

This narrative, which contained nothing new to his wife or to the intimate friends of M. Andrew J., was told by him with semuch dignity that his guests were proud tembrace the former chimney sweeper, at the voices of the peers of France with mingled with those of the Savoyards.

See my millions, and behold what has duced them.'

hey saw in the top thirty portfolios wded with bank notes—and in the bother the mean costume of a chimney sweep-a stuffed hawk, a hurdy-gurdy, and a of wooden shoes: then some mechantools—files, hammers, compasses, and ruments of measurement, all ranged carefully kept by M. Andrew J——self.

Join to that my friends,' said he, 'two or admirable tools, perseverance and nomy, and you will raise, like me, your une, of which behold here the first ie.'

Ie gave to each child a louis and a little k of 500 francs in the savings bank, after a new performance of the dances their country, our Savoyards retired ing, 'Long live M. Andrew J. 'l' since this day, they have all shown

banker's, to learn there better how chimney sweeper became a millions. The most active earned 5000 francs in gociating the shares of the Northern F road.





# THE MILLER'S MAID.

There is a lonely mill close beside the the little hamlet of Udorf, near the Rhine shore, between the villages of Hersel and Ursel, on the left bank below Boon. This mill is said to have been the scene of the following story:

It was on a Sunday morning, 'ages long ago,' that the miller of this mill, and his whole family, went forth to hear the holy mass at the nearest church, in the village of Hersel. The mill, which was also his residence, was left in charge of a servant girl, named Hannchen, or Jenny, a stout hearted lass, who had long lived with him.

The girl was busily employed in preing dinner for the return of her ma and his family, when who should enter an old sweet heart of hers, named Hrich Bottelor. He was an idle, grace fellow, whom the miller had forbidden house, but whom Jenny, with the ami perversity peculiar to her sex, only liperhaps, all the better because others a him no countenance. She was glad to him, and she told him so too; and althe in the midst of her work, she not only him something to eat at once, but found time to sit down with him and I agossic while he disputched the force

'Nay, Heinrich,' she replied, 'your back should be more supple than mine, for you have less work to make it stiff. I labor all day long and you do nothing. But never mind! 'twould go hard with me an I refused to do more than that for you, bad

mind! 'twould go hard with me an I refused to do more than that for you, bad though you be.' This was spoken half sportively, and half in good carnest; for, kind-hearted as the girl was, and much as she liked the scapegrace, she was too honest and industrious herself to encourage and approve of idleness, and a suspicious course of life in any one else, however dear to her. stooped down accordingly, to pick up the knife. As she was in the act of rising, however, the treacherous villain drew a dagger from under his coat, and caught her by the nape of the neck, griping her throat firmly with his fingers, to prevent her screaming the while. 'Now lass,' he said, swearing out a bad oath at the same time, 'where is your ter's money? I'll have that or your list so take your choice.'

The terrified girl would fain have pleyed with the ruffian, but he would h nothing she could say.

'Your master's money or your life, lass!' was all the answer he vouchsafed to her entreaties and adjurations. 'Choose at once,' was the only alternative he offered her; 'the grave or the gold!'

She saw that there was no hope of mercy at his hands; and as she saw it, her native resolution awoke in her bosom. Like the generality of her gentle sex, she was timid at trifles; a scratch was a subject of fear to her; a drop of blood caused her to faint; an unwonted sound galled her soul with fear in the night. But when her energies were aroused by an adequate cause, she proved, as her sex have done, that in courage, in endurance, in presence of mind, and in resources of emergency, she

### THE MILLE

far surpassed the bramen.

'Well, well, Heinriedly, 'what is to be, I take the money, I sha ye. This will be no more. But ease your

so you cannot get the you know. Besides, it be done at all, it n as the family will so

Hersel?

little-don't squeeze

The ruffian relaxed let go his hold. Her gent with his cupidity 'Come,' she said; delay; the money i room.'

She tripped up stair followed closely at her way into her master's

ed out the coffer in which the mosey secured.

'Here,' she said, reaching him an which lay in a corner of the room, will wrench it open at once; and wyou are tying it up, I shall just step up to my own apartment, get a few things ready for our flight, as well as my own little savings for the last five years.'

The ruffian was thrown off his guard by

her openness and apparent anxiety to accompany him. Like all egotists, he deceived himself, when self deceit was most certain to be his destruction.

'Go, lass,' was all he said; 'but be not long. This job will be done in a twink-

ling.'

She disappeared at the words. He immediately broke open the chest, and was soon engaged in rummaging its contents.

As he was thus employed, however, absorbed in the contemplation of his prey, and eagerly occupied in securing it on his

#### THE MILLER'S MAID.

person, the brave hearted girl stol the stairs on tiptoe. Creeping softl the passages, she speedily gained t of the chamber unseen by him, a wise unheard. It was but the we moment for her to turn the key wards and lock him in. This de rushed forth to the outer door of t and gave the alarm.

'Fly, fly!' she shricked to the ch master's little boy, an infant five ye the only being within sight or s her, 'Fly, fly to thy father! fly c life! Tell him we shall all be m an he haste not back. Fly, fly!'

The child, who was at play be door, at once obeyed the energer mand of the brave girl, and sped a his tiny legs could carry him on t by which he knew his parents would from church. Hannchen cheered ward, and inspirited his little hearan.



#### THE MILLER'S MAID.

thee, boy-bless thee! she in the gladness of her heart = rives in time, I will offer up a to the altar of our blessed lady of erg, by Boon.' t down on the stone bench by the to ease her over excited spirit wept, as she sat, at the thought of y deliverance. k God!' she ejaculated, 'thank this escape. Oh, the deadly vil-1 I so fond of him too! ll whistle, from the grated window namber in which she had shut up in Heinrich, caught her ear, and r start at once to her feet. er! Diether!' she heard him shout. e child, and come hither! Bring nere and kill the girl!' anced hastily up at the casement ch the imprisoned villain's hand to some one in the distance, and danxiously after her infant em-



'Never,' said she to herself I leave my master's house a villains, or permit his proper

ried off before my eyes by have life and strength to defe She had barely time to: within, when the ruffian from ing the hapless child in one long sharp knife in the other

door with kicks and curses a tions of the most dreadful char 'Confound thee,' he cried, foalest epithets of which the f Teutonic languages are so co the door or I'll break it in on Stout-hearted as poor Hannchen was, she quailed at this cruel suggestion. For a moment her resolution wavered; but it was only for a moment. She saw that her own death was certain if she admitted the assailant, and ishe knew that her master would be robbed. She had no reason to hope that even the life of the infant would be spared by her compliance. It was to risk all against nothing. Like a discreet girl, she consequently held fast in her resolve to abide as she was while life remained, or until assistance should reach her.

"An ye open no the door,' shouted the villain from without, accompanying his words with the vilest abuse, and the fiercest imprecations, 'I'll hack this whelp's limbs to pieces with my knife and then burn the mill over your head. 'Twill be a merry blaze, I trow.'

'I put my trust in God; replied the

tiller's maid.

walls whilst I have life to

id the infant for a moment he sought for combustible ecute his latter threat. espied, perhaps, the only tine entrance to the builarge aperture in the mill, with the great wheel and nery of the mill, and was a protected, for the reason occupants had never supe for any one to seek adsuch a dangerous inlet. discovery, the ruffian refant, and tying the hands hild threw it on the ground er will fling a lamb desti , to await his time for tole back to the are ped to effect an seen by the day

her existence. A thought struck her. 'It is Sunday,' said she to herself; 'the mill never works on the Sabbath; suppose

I set the mill agoing now? It can be seen afar off; and haply my master, or some of his neighbors, wondering at the sight, may hasten hither to know the cause. A lucky thought,' she exclaimed; ''tis God sent it to me! No sooner said than done. Being all her life accustomed to mill-gear, it was but the work of a moment for her to set the A brisk breeze machinery in motion. which sprang up, as it were by the special interposition of Providence, at once set the

sails flying. The arms of the huge engine whirled round with fearful rapidity; the great wheel slowly revolved on its axle, tion; the mill was in full operation.

It was in that very instant that the fian Diether had succeeded in squehimself through the aperture in the and getting safely lodged in the interi the great drum wheel. His dismay, ever, was indescribable when he beg be whirled about with its rotation, found that all his efforts to put a st the powerful machinery which set it is tion, or to extricate himself from his lous situation were fruitless. His were most appalling; his shrieks wer ly fearful; his curses and imprecation

-this to hear. Hannchen hasti

tempted to escape, there was no danger of his falling out of it, even though he were insensible and inanimate all the while. In the meantime, the wheel went round and round with its steady unceasing motion; and round and round went the ruffian

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along with it, steadily and unceasingly, too. In vain did he implore her pity on his helpless condition; in vain did he pray to all the powers of heaven, and adjure all the powers of hell to his aid. She would not hear nor heed him; and unheard and unheeded of them likewise, muttering curses, he was whirled round and round in the untiring wheel, until, at last, feeling and perception failed him, and he saw and heard no more. He fell, senseless, on the bottom of the engine, but even then his inanimate body continued to be whirled round, and round, and round, as before, the brave girl not daring to trust to ap-

pearances in connection with such a villain, and being therefore, afraid to suspend after heard, and she has was her master and his inied by several of their unaccustomed appearance in full swing on the Sablanticipated, attracted the they had hastened home the purpose of ascertaining phenomenon. The father boy in his arms; he had wherewith the child was unable to obtain an access.

#### THE MILLER'S MAID.

away. She fell senseless into the arms of the Miller's eldest son, and was with difficulty recovered.

The machinery of the mill was at once stopped and the inanimate ruffian dragged forth from the great wheel. The other ruffian was brought down from his prison. Both were then bound, and sent off to Boon, under a strong escort, and in due course, came under the hands of the town executioner.

It was not long till Hannchen became a bride. The bridegroom was the miller's son, who had loved her long and well, but with a passion previously unrequited. They lived thenceforward happily together for many years, and died at a good old age, surrounded by a flourishing family. To the latest hour of her life, this brave hearted woman would shudder as she told the tale of her danger, and her deliverance.

I had, with special selfishness, placed small valise upon one seat in the car, i I took another, so that I occupied a b to myself: and a lady, who seemed t unattended, had quiet possession of bench immediately in front of me. of the other places in the car were opied. At a stopping place, another was admitted, and the conductor, with regard its propriety, placed her on

## FAMILY QUARRELS.

such faces I have not often seen. They were alike in features and expression, and they were alike also in the exhibition of feeling, surprise, anger, and mortification.

'Is that you, Elizabeth?'

'Yes, Mary, it is I, but I certainly did not know you were here; or I should have found another seat, and I will seek one now.'

She looked around, but was evidently struck with a sense of the impropriety of such a movement.

'I should suppose if you could find time to go to the city, you could have found time to attend your father's death-bed.'

'If I did not attend, it was because I knew you had been sent for, too, and I had no wish to see you there.'

'You might have gone, for I supposed, of course, you would attend, and so I staid at home.'

Unwilling to listen, I attempted to read, and succeeded in avoiding a considerable portion which followed. It was evidently

came almost impossible to avoid ! portion.

'Your husband might have he he had chosen to do right.

'Most people can judge better people's husband's bad character, of their own-at least they seem more of it; my husband tried hard to settle the difficulty.'

'The whole family peace mig been preserved, and the family have been saved, if you had not un

to rule us all for your own good.' 'I rule! Well, that is well: 1 what amount of money would satisfy a mortgage?'

- 'My husband did.'
- 'And was not that in order to take possession of the place?'
- 'No! my husband had received money, and he was anxious that you and yours should have the advantage of it, and he sought to become the creditor himself. I confess that it was against my wish, as I knew he could buy the place at auction for less than he would advance on it, and I had no reason to wish you better off.'
  - 'And why not?'

'Did not all of you'——
Here was an approach to matters yet more sacred, and I opened the window of the car.

But while it appeared that the act charged was performed, it became evident that the motive was, in some cases, directly good, and in others not evil. Suspicions had sprung up, jealousies had been fomented, a little tattling had been exercised.

at the first erroneous moveme apart, and anger and all unl

nourished. The old widow been allowed to die without fices of his daughters-daugh sing and the reward of pa

property had been wasted,

ger had been benefitted by It was some time before party in front of me coul length one turned to the of ' So father died and was bu suffering which their folly had caused, the one threw herself upon the bosom of the other, and 'they lifted up their voices and wept.'

'Let us not part now, Elizabeth, come with me, put your trunk into my carriage, and go home with me now.'

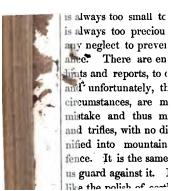
'But what will your husband say to see me coming?'

'What would your husband say to see me at your house?'

'I will go; they will both be delighted; and father's grave—'

The plain carriage swept round the hill, and I thought that the bridal pair, which took an opposite direction, were not as happy as the reconciled sisters, who had sacrificed upon a fathers grave all the cherished animosity of years; and smiles and joy must have been in and around the house whither they went.

The sunlight that follows a shipwreck, is not less beautiful, though it shines upon



# INDEX.

Stories.	3
Stories. Introduction,	5
The Foundling, The Dove of The Storm,	68
Our Jessie, · · · ·	117
Our Jessie,  The Savoyard,  The Miller's Maid,	
The Miller's Maid,  Family Quarrels,	. 152

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